

# J. P. MORGAN SHOT BY TEACHER OF GERMAN WHO PUT DYNAMITE BOMB IN THE CAPITOL

was the maiden name of Mrs. J. P. Morgan. Frances Tracy (Morgan) is a daughter and Henry Sturgis (Morgan) is a younger son. The only inheritance that came down to J. P. Morgan and the Glen Cove police was that Holt had made a death list and had planned to kill all of the immediate members of the Morgan family as well as Mr. Morgan himself.

Holt is a man of singular appearance, so much so that possibly he would be singled out of any crowd. He is now aged 40, but he looks, if anything, to be slightly younger. He is tall, about 5 feet 11 inches, and so thin as to seem almost emaciated. He has a height of weight less than 150 pounds. He wears a dark suit, with a long, thin, head thrust forward, which makes him seem to peer cautiously as he walks or drives. The long, thin head carries a heavy forehead, over which there is a growth of dark hair, one and long. His eyes are dark and somber.

The man looks as if he smiled only seldom and had little sense of humor. His nose is extraordinarily long and thin and curves slightly above a large mouth, the lips being thin and hard set. The chin is small, receding and of the type usually described as "dignified." For the rest his neck is thin and scrawny and is marked by a large Adam's apple which projects aggressively as he talks. The Morgan chauffeur, Hiram Campbell, described him at a stroke as "long and gawky."

Here in Wisconsin. By his own account and from what was learned in other ways, he was born in Wisconsin, settled in Dallas, Tex., where, at 101 Marcellus street, he has a wife and two children. He attended Cornell University and took the degree of Ph. D. in 1914. For the last year he has been an instructor of German in the department of languages.

He admits that since the war started he has taken a furious interest in the matter of sending arms and ammunition to the Powers arrayed against Germany. He said last year he had written letters to an Ithaca newspaper protesting against "such unfairness to Germany."

He told Assistant District Attorney Weeks that he came to New York from Ithaca about ten days ago and registered at the Mills Hotel No. 3, 334 Avenue and Thirty-sixth street. He would have the authorities believe yesterday that he had never been out of New York since he came to the city. He had been at the hotel on Friday or Friday night and this discovery led partly to his confession that he had gone to Washington to explode the bomb which destroyed a part of the Senate wing.

Encouraged possibly by his ability to set off a bomb in the Capitol and escape arrest or detection, he returned to New York early yesterday morning and boarded the available train out of the Pennsylvania Depot over the Long Island Railroad to Glen Cove. This train arrived at Glen Cove at 10:30 A. M. The instant Holt stepped to the platform several of the professional chauffeurs who let their automobile hacks to visitors recognized him as the man who had visited Glen Cove on Thursday afternoon last and who had been driven to the Morgan grounds on East Island by Matthew Kramer, a chauffeur who works for Myron F. Ford, the driver who took Holt to the Morgan home yesterday morning.

On Thursday, Kramer said, Holt approached him and asked to be driven to the J. P. Morgan home. He was not particularly casual that he was a visitor interested in Handsome country places and wanted to see how fine Mr. Morgan's house was. Kramer took him as far as the entrance gate, where he stepped out, glanced toward the front of the house and over the grounds and then asked to be carried back to the depot. It is absolutely certain that he took the opportunity in this and other ways to familiarize himself in every way possible with the Morgan estate and the lookouts for Campbell yesterday. Others of the servants he had inspected carefully.

Frederick Ford, owner of the line of motor cars which serves Glen Cove visitors, was standing by the little car which bears the name of the same as his own, when Holt came to him. He was not particularly neat, and had no suspicion, of course, that his passenger had other than a legitimate business errand. Before the car started for East Island Holt asked Ford if he might sit in the driver's seat.

"I can see the country better if I sit with you," he remarked. Besides, I believe that Mr. Morgan is starting for New York city this morning and I don't know whether he intends to use his yacht, the Corsair, or go by train. Probably he will come to the depot. Hiram Campbell, Mr. Morgan's chauffeur, Ford replied that he knew Campbell well.

Planned Leap Into Car. "That's good," said Holt. "We may meet Mr. Morgan's automobile along the road. If we do I want you to throw my suitcase into the car and I will jump in myself. I'm an old friend of Mr. Morgan's and he won't think anything of it. Old friends are allowed unusual privileges."

That placed in Ford's mind the first faint suspicion that his passenger was a person who needed watching. The driver couldn't do anything to help him. He had nothing to go on. The car turned from the Glen Cove road on the William H. Harkness home, on West Island, which used to be the Morgan estate, and turned on to the long, concrete bridge which spans the estuary from the Sound, Dosoris Pond, an extent of shallow water and swampy ground which cuts the Morgan estate on a place near the front of the main island.

With plain sight was the home of George F. Baker, to the east of Mr. Morgan's place. Over beyond the hills to the south was the Percy Chubb place and the car had just spun through the beautiful extent of woods held by the Pratt family of Brooklyn.

As the motor car began to cross the bridge, which was being repaired, and slowed down to make a narrow, temporary roadway. Holt climbed back into the tonneau, saying to Ford:

"I expect I had better get a card out of my suit case. The servants might require one."

Arms Himself on Road. He opened the brown suit case, which he had brought from New York, and extracted several articles. Ford was so busy with the management of his car in the slender bridge roadway that he did not observe what was in the suit case. He rather thought later that Holt had used the moment to remove two revolvers and possibly the stick of dynamite which were subsequently found on his person and in the Morgan grounds. At any rate he found what he sought, regained his place on the driver's seat and told Ford to go on to a place near the front of the house.

The automobile was not stopped at the lodge of Supt. McGregor, and there were no servants on the lawn. Ford shut off the power and leaned inquiringly at his fare. He saw, he says, that Holt's eyes were shining as a cat's in the dark. Only the man's eyes, however, revealed the excitement in him. His

muscles were under perfect control. He even smiled slightly as he stepped lightly from the car and walked the short distance to the main entrance of Mr. Morgan's house.

Ford watched him closely—still impressed by the notion that the man was queer—and saw him ring the bell. Then a "Physick," the butler, answered the ring and half opened the door, the automobile driver saw something that made him utter a shout of alarm and sent him scurrying from the car to the Morgan garage, calling for help. He saw that Holt had drawn a revolver from the side pocket of his coat and that he was pressing the muzzle of the revolver against the butler's stomach.

What Happened Inside. This was all Ford saw of the preliminary of the attack. The rest is known from what Holt himself confessed to Justice of the Peace Luster, and the Assistant District Attorney, what the butler, a valet and a nurse saw and from what Mrs. Morgan, whose part was of the bravest and coolest, told friends of Mr. Morgan.

At the moment Holt's finger pressed the annunciator and the Morgan butler hastened to the door. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were at breakfast with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, Lady Rice and other house guests. The Morgan household, however, was the house and a considerable distance from the main entrance.

Neither the Morgans nor their guests were at all disturbed by the appearance of Holt at the front door. Holt spoke in a low tone, but one that was deadly in its intensity and purpose.

The instant the butler swung open the door he said: "I want to see Mr. Morgan."

"What is your business with Mr. Morgan?" asked Physick.

"I am an old friend," said Holt. "I will be glad to see him. I want to talk to him about a matter of tremendous interest to himself."

"But," said Physick, "you will have to tell me the nature of your business. Give me your card and I will take it to Mr. Morgan."

Holt handed the butler the card he had taken from the suit case. It bore this inscription: "Summer Society Directory."

In the lower left hand corner was printed: "Represented by Thomas C. Lester."

Physick frowned the card doubtfully. Like Ford, he grew suspicious. There was something abnormal about Holt's something that put people on their guard. The butler attempted once more to parry.

"Won't you please state your business with Mr. Morgan before I take the card?" he said.

Holt delayed no longer over foolish questions. He pulled the revolver from his coat pocket, saw Ford, waiting in the car, saw Jammie it against the butler's body and rapidly forced the butler back into the hall.

"Where is Mr. Morgan?" Holt demanded, his eyes roving over the hall, his ears intent to catch the sound of voices.

Physick was frightened. He saw the revolver. He saw the butler's body. He saw the butler's body. He saw the butler's body.

"He is in the library," he said. "It was a quick notion the butler conceived, and one of real strategic worth. The library was as far as possible from the room in which the Morgans were breakfasting with the Spring-Rices and the other guests. If he could get this dangerous person into the library and slam the door (such was his plan) there would be time to alarm the house and trap the visitor."

A few seconds Holt was deceived. He gave a quick glance at Physick, whom he saw still cowering with a steady pistol, and then he moved quickly as a flash to the library door. As he had back at the moment he saw the door was wide open. Holt saw instantly that the butler had not told the truth. He began to walk down the main hall toward the breakfast room.

Although he knew that he might be shot dead for his boldness, Physick—fearing—shouted—screamed—rattled—for his help. He saw the butler's body as he pitched as a terrified woman.

"Mr. Morgan! Upstairs! Mr. Morgan! Upstairs!"

Last Chance for Trick. It was the last chance to trick the assassin. Physick realized that the terror and strain of the moment. He knew that Mr. Morgan, leaving the breakfast room, would naturally start above stairs by the staircase which rises from the back of the hall, and that very probably Mr. Morgan would be out of sight of the intruder. It was the butler's hope that by this means Holt would be up stairs before the man with the revolver realized where his intended victim was, and that help could be summoned to harm the intruder and the man overpowered before he had a chance to shoot.

The butler's cry frightened the breakfast room. A second. It was startling in the intensity of the appeal. Without having the slightest idea what was wrong, and supposing only that some person on an upper floor had come to harm, Mr. Morgan rose hastily, and rapidly climbed the rear staircase. He reached the second floor and moved along the hall, looking for the cause of the trouble, the reason for the butler's frightened cry.

Before he had started to walk along the hall, Mr. Morgan, alarmed and apprehensive, saw the butler's cry. He saw the butler's cry. He saw the butler's cry.

As Holt went noiselessly forward over the thick carpeting Mr. Morgan, in wonderment as to what the uproar had meant and in the face of his explanation, was turned away from his assailant. But Mrs. Morgan saw him instantly. She saw too that he carried a pistol in his hand.

As he neared Mr. Morgan and was perhaps less than six feet from him, Mr. Morgan leaped forward and literally tried to harm Mr. Morgan. He saw the butler's cry. He saw the butler's cry. He saw the butler's cry.

Holt shouted as he leveled his pistols. "Now, Mr. Morgan, I've got you!" It is perhaps a miracle that the man didn't shoot at that instant, but evidently, so Mr. Morgan's friends thought, he was taken off his balance.

Mr. Morgan gave a great shout and jumped at Holt. He saw the butler's cry. He saw the butler's cry. He saw the butler's cry.

It was a big man, is J. P. Morgan, considerably more than six feet tall, very powerfully built and with nerves and muscles in the neck and in the back of the neck. He was a man of a temperate life. He drove at Holt with all of the force of his great body and Holt went down like a shot.

Protects His Wife First. Mr. Morgan, with a heave of his elbow, cast Mrs. Morgan out of harm's way, then swung himself along the road toward Holt, who was rising to his feet. They struggled together to an upright position and at that moment Holt fired both pistols. His arms had been lowered and the bullets travelled on a downward slant. Holt was shouting with a gabbling inarticulately, but no one paid attention to what he was saying. He was subdued he shouted.

"Kill me; kill me now! I don't want live any more. I'm tired of living. I've been a perfect hell worrying over the war."

While the servants were hiding him he said: "Look out! There's dynamite in my pocket and you had better get it out quick."

One bullet entered Mr. Morgan's abdomen. The other was in Holt's pocket as he was flung to the floor by Mr. Morgan. Two other sticks were found on the floor. The Morgans, however, had dropped them in his haste to enter the house. It is a matter for experts in explosives to determine whether they were shot in the Morgans' hands. The Morgans, however, had dropped them in his haste to enter the house. It is a matter for experts in explosives to determine whether they were shot in the Morgans' hands.

These and other doctors and surgeons held a consultation and decided, according to such information as was obtainable from the Morgan home last night, that it would be safe to probe for the bullet which had lodged near the back.

After the operation it was understood that Mr. Morgan's splendid vitality had enabled him to bear up under the shock, that he was resting easily and that in the late afternoon he had fallen into a refreshing sleep.

Clerence H. Mackay Arrives. One of the first of Mr. Morgan's associates to arrive from New York was Dwight W. Morrow, the youngest of Mr.

him when he went to the Morgan home. To the right is an employee on the Morgan estate guarding the bridge leading to the house. No one except those having official business, physicians and members of the family, could enter the grounds.

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a letter to an Ithaca paper, in which I demanded that the paper be neutral. No I am trying to be neutral. So ought others to try."

"What really spurred you to this crime?" Holt drew himself up and raised a hand.

"The impulse came to me from on high," he said slowly. "I feel that God inspired me to do my part to end this terrible war."

"To Mrs. Frank Holt, 101 Marcellus street, Dallas, Tex.: Man proposes, God disposes. Don't come here until you get my letters. Be strong. FRANK."

Holt then said that he was a member of no organization, that he was not an anarchist and had never thought of becoming one.

Holt was arraigned in the Glen Cove court house before Justice Luster at 10:30 A. M. The large room of the doll's size courthouse was completely jammed. Photographers jostled each other for positions of vantage, and skirmished for the best light. A moving picture man planted his machine in the doorway and stood to attention at the cranks.

Holt was led in by Deputy Sheriff Frank McCall, the big ex-navy man who had taken him to the Morgan home. With McCall and Assistant District Attorney Weeks he stood in front of the Justice's bench. For a moment he tried to stare directly at the magistrate on the east side of the prison.

Holt was weak from his injury when he arrived at the court house. He was asked to stand for a short time. He was asked to stand for a short time. He was asked to stand for a short time.

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